11229 2421

Anthony Carl Smith
Antonio Carlos

Stenographer's Notebook

6 IN. X 9 IN.
(15.2 cm x 22.9 cm)

GREGG
RULED

80 SHEETS
No. 524212

UNION CAMP CORPORATION, WAYNE, NEW JERSEY 07470

Anthony Earl Daniels
800 Highland Avenue
Albany, Georgia 31701

Dear Me, This last weekend was truly a hot one. It had been a long time (not extremely), and passion had built to the point of no return. Fate dealt the hand I played and my hand came up aces - Spades and Clubs. Last weekend brought "Cuum" back into my life and an old but never familiar acquaintance Lorenzo William A poorly confused soul. A fine specimen of a black man. He's fighting a battle within himself that makes him hard to reach. His refined desire when teamed with his over indulgence of alcohol makes him a fool. I haven't seen many guys that wanted to free all their inhibitions and "freak out" so badly as he. But the battle or inner conflict he has is SO intense it makes him dangerous. Given this situation - we are in a house, etc - alone we are two

but us - we shower, smoke a "J", drink a couple of beers and began to redine I could take him to realms of sexual excitement and fulfillment that has no bounds. Our bodies could bring out the best and worst in each other. Orifice in orifice, every crack and crevice explored - one big freak scene. But reaction afterwards is what scares me.

Dear Me. Jan. 29th 87

It is now 12:15 pm the middle of the afternoon in Atlanta Ga. Here I set in Railway Express station - trying but not really. I've been here since 10:30 am waiting for someone to be home at work or in place so I can get the hell out of here. Being as that it is my birthday (22nd) & should be elated or ripped. I'm neither. Just here. I spent Wednesday night in Albany at the new lodge where I had to make myself party. - I truly believe in the saying Everything that can go wrong will. That seems to be the way things have gone so far. Overall I'm in pretty good spirits and ready to get the party started. I really needed this trip just to give me a distraction

some time away from home, family, school, and work. Maybe things will clear up for me then - and I will be released. With things getting they were - I had no choice but to run and what better time than the celebration of my birth. One would think that in the 42 years of life that I've lived I wouldn't be constantly going from one crisis point to the next. But that's the way things have always been for me. It's as if I were a sponge absorbing all the spills that life parcels. "Experience is the best teacher." There were things I wanted to know about this time last year that I no longer am curious about. But after having soaked them up I'm now ready for something else. Just what I don't know. Perhaps one day and soon I'll find that something, something

strong, caring, understanding and with a willingness to receive. The light at the end of long and well traveled road, where others have lost their lives and souls. Foresakeing all other things for the insane pursuit of something to make us a little happier. What could possible be more satisfying than just be alive in America? Dead and in heaven.

I feel such a strong desire for human warmth
drags me down to my lowest state
Such a great need to share in a union of strength and love
Crawling on all fours I need my who will have me
Feeling the torment of knowing Love and have lost love
the heart to lose and wild devouring all who crow her path.

Question not the ways of men
but the ways of oneself
Ask not what have you done
to deserve that treatment
but why you accept it
Change is constant, and we must
you be
The life you lead is yours - you
only hold the key to make it easier
or more difficult.
Search deep, or just there on
the surface, release yourself
and do it with dignity and
pride, not letting them cripple
you.

Say it because you feel it at the
moment
Mean it always
Do it spontaneously, make it
last forever

Feb 2, 1987

It is now about 6:35 A.m. Here I sit in the trailways bus station waiting for the 5:45 bus to arrive, which isn't due in until 7:30 AM. If this isn't a bitch then I don't know what is. Let's consider that I missed the 6:45 bus because it left on time, was harrassed by the cop on duty because he thought I was soliciting. Overall the weekend has been terrific, but my experience with this fucked up bus station has been almost enough to make me forget it. One fuck up after another. Truly a God awful experience

March 3, 1987

Dear Me,

Right now I'm not feeling a whole lot. Just rather nonchalant but not unhappy, just feeling a desire/need to write a little. I always thought that on my life I would always prosper and never turn back on past mistakes. Well life found that until I've made up my mind that I want something done it doesn't get done. I just gotta lie to myself, until the lies can no longer hold back the truth & I have yet to start saving money - or dieting - both of which would make me happier about myself and my life. I've been tied up w/ my schooling / working

March 3, 1987

Dear Mrs.

I might never
[illegible] a whole lot
[illegible] but
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
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[illegible]
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[illegible]
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[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

2 jobs and staging Sigh - one way or another that there has been no time for other things. Things that means a lot to me. Keeping in touch with my oldest and dearest friends, going to church and ~~down~~ getting into me. Now is the time for me to reorganize my time so that I feel more complete. I really need to get my car or a car functioning and all the business with my license and insurance taken care of before April 11th so that I can be ready to roll. All and all, I think/pray that, I know I can do it.

July 11th 1987

Dearest Me,

Change and turbulence are things that are a constant part of my life, and as usually I get so foolish and icky feeling when my spiritual evolutions (periods) occur. I'm in the middle of one know. Its my aquarian "cirs". These past few months have just been hell. Daniel was mugged by some guys just hours after I got of the car with him. I directed my first wedding. I took a trip to Atlanta with Miki - a girl who is fast becoming my answer to celibacy. Daniel Proctor, my incarcerated lover started ~~to~~ communicating with me. This is a real trip

Dear Me, 1/25/88

What can one do when one find oneself in a bind? Good question right, well wait until you hear the predicament that I'm in.

Dear Me, 2/4/88

I'm sitting here - here where I am me - and I am wondering - wandering perhaps over vast lands of times, places and people past in my memories. There were the good, there were the not so good and even a couple of terrible. But somehow all brought on some knowledge, knowledge through experience.

Dear Father, From whom all blessings flow. Please forgive me for constantly putting off time that should be spent getting to know you for my own petty self-indulgence. In the your name, Son Jesus and the Holy Spirit I ask this of thee

Amen

The thoughts that are running through my mind are so befuddled and inexact. So much so I dare "fear" to be one of my driving forces. "Paranoia", if you will indulge, is what I think the deal is. My faith is being tested by none other than the devil himself.

1/25/88

On being consumed with Lust

I guess you could say that the time that elapses between sexual encounters for me can be called a period of consumption
Why you ask? Why consumption
Well you see
When I have the spells they usually last a month or 2 and sometimes 3 or 4.
They become very intense times for me
Every hour of the day that I'm awake (and sometimes when I'm sleep) is a constant battle
A battle to stay busy
Be active and moving constant
Or the time becomes a period of consumption
My whole body becomes a consumed organism
Consumed in Lust

1/25/88

On being consumed with Lust

I guess you could say that the time that elapses between sexual encounters for me can be called a period of consumption
Why you ask? Why consumption?
Well for one
When I have the spells, they usually last a month or 2 and sometimes 3 or 4
They become very intense times for me
Every hour of the day that I'm awake (and sometimes when I'm asleep) is a constant battle
A battle to stay busy
Be active and moving constantly
Or the time becomes a period of consumption
My whole body becomes a consumed organism
Consumed in Lust

1/25/88

In Every Concerned with Just

I guess you could say that the time that elapses between a final encounters for me can be called a period of consumption

Why you ask? Why consumption well for me

When I have the people they usually get a month or hand cometimes 3 or 4

They become very intense time for me

Every hour of the day that I wrote [illegible]

as a [illegible] battle

A battle to stay [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

of consumption

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

To be satisfied, pacified, used,
abused, subdued, to be refused
Then I am consumed with
Lust Lust for thine own
pleasure
Not that I don't enjoy giving pleasure
Mutualistic pleasure
Vainly I say these things - whole-
heartedly I mean them.

11:06 Thursday morn

Dear Father, 3/3/88

It seem that I'm doing a little too much of everything, and not enough of one. What I mean is that I'm trying so hard to keep myself occupied during the day and evening with various and assundery things that I'm not getting enough quality time in doing the things that should be important to me. Spending time with my nieces, my family, getting closer to you spiritually or myself for that matter. But I'm afraid I'm enthusiastic about so many things — the story of my life. Well I guess instead of going about this in a round about way that can't make sense in the future I should just go ahead and

Dear Father. 3/3/28

It seems
that I have a little too much
of everything, and not enough
of one. What I mean is
that I'm trying so hard to
keep myself occupied during
the daytime and evenings with
[illegible] and [illegible]
that I'm not getting enough
[illegible] time to [illegible] the
things that should be important
to me. So [illegible] time with
my friends, my family, getting
closer to you, spiritually, so
prepared for that mission. But
I'm already in [illegible]
about so many things - the
story of my life. I'll let you
instead of going about this in
a round about way that [illegible]
make [illegible] in the future [illegible]
[illegible]

get directly to the issue at hand.

This past Saturday - Feb. 27, was Kenny's (Hamms) Birthday. It was fate that we were together the next morning and most of the afternoon - ofcourse all of the afternoon. I didn't get home until 5:30pm Sunday. That night was wonderful - we've always had great sex! But I guess it had a lot to do with my having been celibate for the past 6 months. This was really down! But at the same time something was missing. That was due to me being an asshole instead of listening to my heart. I gave of myself so wantingly then unabandonedly that it frightened me. There I was, wanting to know him all over again. When I felt him at first there always the initial discomfort, but it really didn't matter much, especially with nothing but what was natural.

Then I looked into his eyes and as dark as it was I saw in him the need and want, (who knows for what) and all discomfort ceased. The deeper he thrust the more nervous and frightened I became. The longer he continued the more I gave in. Until all inhibitions had been cast into a world where they were alone. But I was here - I was there with him and he owned me. What's even worse, he knew he owned me, he knew because he felt it. And what he didn't feel - I felt. Through this emotion I made it known verbal. Consumed in the heat of glorified passion shall we say. The air was thick and black, heavy with the scent of semen and bowels, a very arousing scent you maybe say or not. Nonetheless, the only sounds that I can remeber were the gasping for air, the panting as his motions got faster and harder, and his name "Kenny" being uttered softly by someone who seemed as if they were in awe of him, frightened of him as

owned by him. And as my head rocked from side to side in disbelief and the need to be heard more, it clicked. It clicked inside me. No matter what I do - I always Love him. And there's not a damn thing I can do about it. Then the conversation we had all night crossed my mind. Him being handed a secret indictment by the police, and having money and dope that belong to a "Rock Man". These things were contributors to my "maddness". It was all part of our on-going fantasy that I had some had partially come true and was driving me out of my mind. At that moment I had almost said a silent prayer that his worst fear (imprisonment?) come true. That way I could silent lament over his memory - our time together. There alone in my room I would know where he was and how to reach him. And drift off slowly to wallow in the morning of having lost ~~the one~~ to get another man I Love to a world of concrete steel

[illegible]

It's all part of some great scheme - to what end it will come? Who knows? What a fire we have - I'm burning now.

Carl
With Love

...ch ...
equipped us with
to distinguish us
east in the fields.

Sunday March 6, 1988

And so the band I leap on.
Tonight was yet another episode
in the continuance and upscale
of what I think can be a beautiful
relationship.

As I thumbed back through
the many pages of my memoirs.
I have had the chance to examine
this relationship. That is between
Kenny and I. I stoped
March 7, 1988 Monday
I was tipping in a most precious
way. The true beauty in the words
that I recordad in the 29 months
I've known really brought on
an flow of emotion that fucked
with me in a most beatiful way.
The way I expressed my "Love at first
sight" made the true meaning of "Love"
be real all over again.
The "doubt" I was experiencing on the
middle, brought reality into land
a listening ear to my fears.

The "realization period", which has been for the last year (12 months), made me cry - in my confessions of my Submissions - to a feeling, an emotion, strong enough to cripple - made the nerves of my soul weep. Weeping in joy, elation, pain and agony of discovering what it means to have the very memory of a single person occupy the [redacted] of every facet of one's brain. To have their presence remain in thought for days on end. To be at their mercy - it's the most satisfying, terrifying [redacted] emotion you will ever feel. Embrace [redacted] it, shout for all to hear. Revel in its goddness - realize, be aware of its "crippling" possibilities. Dwell not on them, be beware of them. For living on the negative side of Love have been known to kill - and sometimes - even worse.

Keep experiencing
Rediscovering

Carl

Sunday Morn. 2:25AM MARCH 6th 1988

THERE

And as I envision him there
I see me there
And as I caress his soul there
He feels that I am near
And as "He" and "I" become "us" there
We grow old together there.

Friday Morn 2:10AM MARCH 11 1988

This week has been one test of will. I've longed for her touch since the moment I last saw him. That was Sunday Morn. And the feeling has done nothing but get stronger since then. Richard (Pitts) got me some good pot Mon. night, and it didn't make matters any better. But it has made this week a truly Cute one. Wednesday night was Virginia's birthday and the highlight of the week for us. That is Daniel, Virginia and I. Well, at least it was for

THERE

me. I had smoked a couple of joints after work at Cynthia's house where I stopped with "Marcia Garcia" after work. After that it was clear sailing. I was so high - a nice high and we had a ball & I was released - no inhibitions or anything, just out having an all out release. That was something I really need. Truly I do.

Sadie showed up in town Monday, we didn't see her until Tuesday - she went to a piano recital with Hattie and out afterwards. Wednesday she went job hunting - we didn't see her again until Thursday. Mom says she's going to put her out - that would be best for all of us. I'm going to sit down and have a talk with her. I'm glad she's alive. My dear sister.

And so the music plays on - as I get ready to go to sleep alone. And I look to the stars, the sky, the moon and the soon to be rising sun. And I wonder Lover Man or where or where can you be.

Thinking About You

Ever

Friday Night March 11th 1988

Its the weekend, and I've been waiting, building myself up. I really had no choice - no choice at all - my heart is no longer mine alone. He will be there. There, where it all starts and ends. Tonight I will go to wait for him. And patiently I will do so for if he's not there, well - we shall see.

Dear Father, Monday morn 3/14/88

It's finally happening! And it's enough to give me something to look forward to every weekend. At least that's the way it's been for the last 3 weeks consecutively. (Since the week of Feb. 27) Kenny and I are finally spending quality time together, making decisions, love and becoming friends. It feels great! The times ahead are sure to be tough. But I'm prepared for them. I don't foresee a lot of petty nonsense, but I do see some personality and interest conflicts. I only hope that those times will make us grow stronger together and not apart. I'm wondering if I may have bitten off more than I can chew? I don't know unless I take the chance or I've so.

Sunday was truly a beautiful day. For me it was spiritually uplifting. The Holy spirit visited me, and it was the most wonderful, terrible thing I have felt. I'm thankful that with the help of the Lord I have

Come a long way. He - brought me here - from a mighty long way.

Carl

2/22/88 1.55 AM

One of - As I lay here listening to his favorite song on the radio (Luther Vandross

Quickly his presence floods my every thought. A most glorious terrifying feeling.

3/22/88

It's one of those nights - my heart has sent me on a meeting of the minds - my soul - a journey to the most wholly & desecrated place - ecstacy. There is still much to be said about my feelings for my one Love - yet they cause me so much wonderful agony. And I welcome it all - for I have no power over them - I am in the plate of madness - Love.

3/22/88

I am in a state of a totally eclipsing of emotions - what I will call a metamorphasizing of the me that was into the me that shall be. A state of progression and maturization. So much is riding and depending on if I can keep my heart and head separate - I will come out of this alive. The final step into a place in mind that deals with all there is.

Commiting Harm

3/24/88

Well, it's been about a month since I started spending time with Kenny. It's been great - but it has lacked some of the most important qualities. All and all Love is the best thing in the world. And the worst thing in the world. Our days and nights are filled with inquiries of the past and future as well as the present. It's as stimulating as the sex we have. Sometimes he makes me so damn happy - other times he pisses me to fuck off - but I Love him now and forever. My biggest problem will be to get him to get a job and work on a daily basis. That, I fear will probably be what sends us on our seperate ways. It will of course devistate me but so be it - I Love this man - and I want to be with him.

Monday 3/28/88

Today marks the start of a new week and a new era in life for me. I have crossed over the bridge I always dreamed of crossing. My ship has finally come into port. And in me something has been moved and reborn. There was a part of me that I felt I had lost not so very long ago. But all the hurt and pain I've endured for the past 2½ years is so much easier to deal with now. My Black Knight has seen to that. In him I find the strength to go on when I can't; when I feel I'm being too hard, he helps me open up and feel comfortable at my most vulnerable of times. My CHAKAZULU. When I'm with him there is nothing that could harm me — man or beast because I'm safe in his arms. And he tells me so — I don't know what to do

when he runs his hands over my body it jumps in anticipation and fits of passion. When he kisses me our tongues dance around in fits of ecstacy, taunting and teasing until we gasp for air. When he takes me it's the ultimate. I can never lay there still. I'm like a contortionist in a side show - amazed at myself by this point. Finally I submit, I give in to the magnificent power of his strapon styled with the gentleness of a lamb. He takes me and I am his - solely his - then it happens we are as one. Somewhere during this encounter he has managed to break down the fortress around my heart and capture it. Piercing my soul and tasting the desire and caring there - we are one. The explosion of emotion in body and mind are overwhelming. And I know how to take him there too.

Dear Mc, 4/02/88

Last night was one of the most emotionally disturbing situations I've ever been in. Kenny's wife is due back in town sometime this month. I had already sensed that was what was wrong - or that something wasn't being paid - and through the process of elimination I figured she was the problem. Just at a time when we are really getting to know each other so well. But it has been one thing after another. More difficulties than I care to deal with - but not more than I can handle. I love him with all that I am and have to offer, and I don't intend to give up on this chance we have with this truly beautiful experience called Love. My heart filled with fear as the tears poured out of my deep and pebblen

dyes. I rejoiced and revelled
at the pain I was experiencing.
I am no longer the sole keeper of
my heart and soul - for now
there are 3 - God - Me - and
Kenny. I was numb most of
the day - not actually feeling
any emotions I could discern
except maybe pity. But I layed
around most of the day and then
He called. He's here now, and it's
enough for now. I guess I'm
actually settling for less than
I should but when it comes
to this one man - I am weak.

I have very little
Yet I am content
My heart is full
My soul is searching
So I give / and I receive
And still we are not
Completely whole

Carl

4/5/88 1:19 AM

Yesterday was Easter Sunday, it wasn't one of the best, but it was nice for the girls - Erica, Elysha, and Endia. For me it was something of a black-cloudy day. I'm not sure if I'm

Shit it ain't happening tonight!

CJ

4/5/88 1.19

5/6/88

Last night was another episode in this bitter sweet Love affair with Mr. Hammonds. The circumstances were quite peculiar. First of all he was at the Trailer, (Eric Harvey's "Infamous") and after having been asked, "to leave", I'm wondering why in the fuck he was there - and why in the hell was I there with him?! Secondly I had the audacity to bring over some MD 20/20 (orange blossom) and a quart of Bud I found in Mikl's car. And along with them came Anita, Luther, N2 and Grace - I was ready for a night out in a place in the mind where only 2 people in Love can travel. We had even stopped and gotten a deluxe bottle of baby oil. Well it was too good to be true. I went in the bathroom to begin my process of preparation for intense Love making with my Lover and

5/6/88

Last night was another episode in this letter sweet love affair with Mr. Hammond. The evening [illegible] were quite peculiar. First of all he was at the Sailor (Eric Harvey "Infamous") and after having been asked "to leave" [illegible] wondering why in the fuck he was there - and why in the hell was there with him?! Secondly I had the audacity to bring over some MD 2020 (orange blossom) and a quart of bull I found in Nikita car. [illegible] along with them some Cinta, Luther, Ad and Bruce. I was ready for a night out in a place in the mind where only 2 people in [illegible] travel. All that even [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Well it was too good to be true. I went in the bathroom to [illegible] my [illegible] of preparation for [illegible] [illegible] with my [illegible] and

went off to the store for a bar of soap, a pack of cigarettes and a quart of oil (and latter I discovered a fucking rock for Eric + Calvin). An hour passed and he wasn't back - I was drunk + restless not to mention horny. So I paced back and forth - another 30 minutes and I was standing outside - then back inside, then outside again - finally I panicked! I realized that Kenny was not out joy ridding - something was wrong. I walked - I walked - I walked to the store - bought something menial asked the clerk (Joel) if he had seen him - he had. OK. He was in trouble with the law I could feel it - I hoped - I didn't want him to be hurt or worse dead. ~~He~~ I went back to the trailer - mud - worried - I walked. I got on the sofa it spun around - I got on the floor - it spun around -

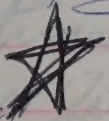
finally I was back on the sofa first at one end then the other. - The next thing I remember is a rukas in the kitchen, it was him - and he was safe. I wanted to leap into his arms - but he was explaining to the Dream Team where he had been - the Police Station. They had stopped and searched the Van and taken him downtown for questioning. He sat and clasped his face with his hands we stumbled with words until we reached a level of semi conscious conversation. He was upset at the incident and because "had had upset his mother & me". "Am I causing you 2 many problems", he asked

Carl

8886488

Pokey

Kenny



Sunday April 10, 88

Kenny called me fat - "If you get over 200 lbs., I'm not going to be with you anymore".

April 21, 1988

The silence is driving me mad - but I persist, saying only trivial things. "I bought Newport," "that's the South African girl from England." Things that were unimportant, yet intimate between us. The conversation has yet to come. I am so tired of the tears. My Love/Pain run so deep - almost crippling - but definitely terrifying. Still I go on saying only that which is necessary. Why? Must I always be the one to initiate the discussion of the difficulties that arise between us. Does he not Love me enough to try and tear down some of her stoic ~~wall~~ fascade. Or has he already done that and I'm asking too much. Or was the reason I lay there feeling like a "toilet" in my head. Is my Love fading away or what? Why do I feel so much pain.

April 21, 1988

The Silence is [illegible]
me much - but I [illegible]
only trivial things. I [illegible]
[illegible] the South African girl from [illegible]
[illegible] that was [illegible], yet
[illegible] between us. The [illegible]
[illegible] yet to come. I am [illegible]
the [illegible]. My [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] - almost [illegible] - but
[illegible] [illegible]. Still I
[illegible] on [illegible] only that which [illegible]
[illegible]. Why? Must I [illegible]
[illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible]
of the [illegible] that [illegible]
[illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Dear Me, 4/25/88

Today is a Monday - I did go into work this morning. However I did not stay. It was not in me to.

Kenny and I have been going strong since Feb. 27 on a relationship with commitment between. Since that day we've encountered lots of times that were painful. More so to me than he. He managed to come through them all pretty well in fact. Then this past Friday - the anniv. of my moving out of my mother's house - something happened that has greatly upset me. I didn't go to work until 12:00. The car's oil needed changing so I gave Kenny the car + money to do that with.

Dear Mr.

7/25/88

Today is a Monday - I did go into work this morning, however I did not stay. It was not in me to.

Kenny and I have been going strong since Feb. 27 on a relationship with commitment based. Since that day we've encountered lots of times that were painful. Moreover to me than he. He managed to come through them all pretty well in tact. Then this past Friday - the enemy of my mourn, but of my mother's house - something happened that has greatly upset me. I didn't go to work until 1:00. She was sick needed [illegible] and I gave Kenny the cart money to go that with.

He was here when Virginia got off. Then he came + got me to cash my check between 3.30-4.00. After that he didn't return here - but came back for me at 6:00 - & wasn't ready so I told him to come back at 7:30. I started to take the car and take him home, because he was drunk + high. But I didn't want him to think I didn't trust him. He didn't come back. @ 9:00 I got Danny to give me a ride home + Virginia and I went out looking for the car. After I had called to see if he had been arrested. I was so worried they were all out of character for him. Something had to be wrong. Not only that Virginia was entrusting me with her car + I had no license and we haven't known each other that long - we've only been roomies for a week -

boy this was all I needed. We checked everywhere I thought he might be - Eric + Calvin's trailer - his mother, Dennis Fowler's - a couple of juke - downtown - nothing - no Kenny in sight. He had mentioned to me that his wife would be leaving on the 28th of this month - he might be there. - If he had been - that was going to be where he was going to have to stay (with her). My heart was pounding, racing - tears were filling my eyes - I was lost. Pain was the only comfort I had. We came home and struck out again about 30 min afterwards. Just by chance while looking for his wife's (mother) house we stumbled across the car. Finally we decided to blow the horn after investigation of the car. Some guy tried to throw us off - but he was there. The same guy said he was inside but told him to tell us he wasn't.

& paid fine but @ send me the keys. Shame and guilt got the best of him - & ended up going in after the keys. There he stood against a wall "high as a kite" telling me with his stoic manner - no words - my heart screamed in agony. The whole episode was due to his weakness for "Crack". Or so he said. That in itself was devastating How am I to deal with this!! That night really killed a lot of me. I had just bought a 20 & pack of monster weed that he got rid of for crack. I had waited so long for it. The pain from this whole ordeal is still inside me - it hurts so I've stopped feeling. I'm numb - impervious to either pain or pleasure. I went to the trailer Sat. morn after & left worked and begged & pleaded with him to talk about it - after about an hour of trying he finally could take my bleeding heart - and broke down and

Cried. Not wanting to look into my eyes or accept the Love & war offering. I left kissing him placing a quarter and 2 dimes in his hand and telling him I Loved him. Call me I said - he never did. Something had to be done - what. That night I went to see him - he went to a party at the Oasis with me - not much was said - we both were drunk. Maybe that was the wrong thing to do - but I was too afraid of loosing him - what would I do. How would I handle it. For who could there be after him. After having known the Love of one so totally encompassing as he. Where would I start over. I'm probably selling myself short. It's too late for that now - but in so deep I let myself get less than I deserve. I can't handle his past - I'm afraid of the future and at present

nothing I do seem to make
a difference in this man.
Some things do - most don't.

U - The emotion

For so long I waited for U
Now U are here with me - in me
And U do so many things to me
U comfort me U hurt me U make
me laugh and cry
I have no control over U
U now rule my very existence

5/62/88

Dearest Me,

Sunday night is turning into a gloomy Monday morning finding me shot in yet another vital organ. My pride was shot down first, my heart he put a bullet through second and lastly he killed my need to Love.

I knew this day would come soon - yet I've never knew what or even expected what it would be like. The day I would make up my mind to begin saying goodbye to him. Tonight was it. I stood by and looked out at myself. I saw him hurting me and not caring - not allowing himself to get in as deep as I am - I'm so fucking furious - time to stop I will continue tomorrow

Cat

5/6/88

Dearest Mr

Sunday night

[illegible] into a [illegible] Monday
morning finding me that
[illegible] yet [illegible] [illegible] organ
My pride was that down first
my heart he put a bullet
through second and [illegible] he
killed my need to love.

I knew this day would
come soon - yet the never
knew what or given expected
[illegible] would be like. He
[illegible] I would make up my
[illegible] to begin paying [illegible]
[illegible] him. [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible] out at
myself. I [illegible] him hurting
[illegible] and not [illegible] not
[illegible] to get in a
[illegible] - I'm so [illegible]
[illegible] - [illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]

5/02/88

The day has finally come, and I'm wondering. I'm wondering what is it I fear most. Loosing my first Love. Loosing him and being forced to see them with other. What is it exactly that is hurting me so.

The pain he's caused me, as well as that I've let him cause me is really getting to me lately. It's like a fungus that grows and constantly burns away at flesh + bone, heart + soul. I've never been a bitch towards him - for fear if he ever saw that side of me it would drive him away. Very few people I know can cut to the bone like I can when I'm pissed.

The one thing for certain is that I do fear loosing him. Starting over would be a task to difficult for me.

I can't believe he left me to go out of town with George

Hudson - a known "Cocaine dealer" - who cares absolutely nothing about his welfare - or well being. All he wants is what he can get. That all any of the niggers in the streets want. They don't care if he has to look for a place to sleep at night, something to eat during the day, a place to wash up on and so forth. They don't give a damn. But I do. And does he not realize that - of course he does. And does he not care - that I don't have the answer to. The things he's put me through I would never put him through. I'm getting disgusted out of my most precious gift and it's making me loose half of the compasion I already lost for mankind.

5/02/88

Oh Father

When you look down on this wretched thing we live called life. Send down the rain of hope, your showers of faith, and your storms of righteousness Lord, let them rage. For we need you every hour, every minute of every day we need you Jesus. For without your presence without our belief in you — we'd all be lost.

Amen

5/09/88

Oh Father

When you look down
on this untitled thing we live
called life. Send down the
mana of hope, your phoenix
of faith, and your storm
of nightmares Lord, let
them pass. For we need you
every hour, every minute
of every day we need you
Amen. For without you prove
without our belief in you
will all be lost.

Amen

5/02/88

I've been waiting, but he hasn't called - soon the waiting will turn into worry. The worry into pain. I was very upset last night - as I cried to release some of the pain - relearning all the time that the majority of the grief I'm feeling is already locked up in a place in my heart, stored away, making future relationships with anyone next to impossible. No matter how I come to you, trying so desperately to get everything down on paper - I still hurt. I keep wanting to get out of the house - no one's here but me - but where would I go. And what would I do once I got there.

Dear Me,

And yet another day has come and gone and I have not heard from the keeper of my heart. I lay in bed last night restless - tossing and turning worried, hurt and ~~hurt~~ in the midst of a fit of passion I've made up my mind that I'm not going to look for him - it's useless - when he wants to see me, he knows exactly where to find me. But how long will he keep my heart held out in the depths of despair - wanting and needing him the way I do. Things have just not been the same since the morning I went to see him in the trailer. That morning his emotions were touched by the depth of mine and he lost control, something he usually doesn't do. The question he

asked me before we began this relationship how I loved myself upon him for answering "Can you handle me as a lover". Not only does it take a lot out of one to be in Love, it also takes a lot out of one to receive Love as well. I keep wondering what will be next. And how much longer can I keep taking this punishment for something I had nothing to do with.

May 21, 88

Dear Father,

Saturday we moved into the trailer all day and some Sunday. This weekend couldn't have been better. Kenny was here with me, which is something we haven't been since he started back work, in together the entire weekend. I enjoyed it, I will cherish the memories of our first weekend in our new home together. But with all that is sweet something unpleasant comes. He left walking to work Monday afternoon and I haven't seen him since. Today is just Tues, but I still worry. I have prepared myself for these extended days away from home. But what more is there to do now but wait

May 31, 1988

Today is especially the perfect time to be writing. I'm at a point now where it's give up and say goodbye to the only love I've ever known, or bear down and prepare for a hard yet sweet road. We've been in this trailer about 2 wks now and already I know what our lives together will be like. Niki spends most of her off time in Kings Bay, and when Kenny's @ work late or stays days @ the time I'm here alone a lot of the time. I was used to be alone until this man swept into my life. Now it's almost impossible for me to sleep when Kenny's away. I worry that he's been arrested shot or hurt in some way. I hardly sleep or eat when he's away, but I'm working

May 31, 19[illegible]

[illegible]

omit. I know I will never stop worrying but I want to get to the point where I can sleep. I'm hoping things will get better once we get a phone. At least that way he will not have an excuse for calling me and letting me know what's up when he has to stay late (overnight). But even when I know he's not coming home I jump at the sound of every car passing, hoping that one of the cars will stop and he will get out and I'll run to the door and jump into his arms. We kiss and hug and nothing matters but that we're together.

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